William Mould London

MODERN SONGS,

ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS:

ADAPTED TO COMMON TUNES.

WRITTEN ON THE

IMMEDIATE ARRIVAL OF THE ACCOUNTS

OF THE

DIFFERENT EVENTS.

By JOHN FREE.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

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THE PREFACE.

BY diff'rent views are authors led,
Some write for fame, and ſome for bread,
Sure methods to make buſineſs flow,
With thoſe in PATER-NOSTER ROW;
Where ev'ry day, on fancy's wing,
As Bards on various ſubjects ſing,
New titles captivate the eye,
For well 'tis known the world will buy.

In theſe gay maſquerading days,
When taxes riſe, and trade decays,
Within the rounds of diſſipation,
Old Engliſh ſongs are out of faſhion.

In fifty-nine, that glorious year,
How diff'rent did the ſcene appear,—
The hardy vet'rans of the waves
Sung—" Britons never will be ſlaves,"
And HEARTS OF OAK, their ſouls' deſire,
With joy did ev'ry breaſt inſpire.

Strange are the deeds to ſing upon,
No foe ſubdu'd, few battles won,
Unequal war does Britain make,
Not one ally her part to take;
Happy, if broils had once ſubſided,
(For ne'er was country more divided)
That all our force might level'd be,
Againſt the common enemy.

Patriots the throne in vain petition,
Whilſt others cenſure oppoſition;

At

At large the people boldly ſay
The fault is all in miniſtry;
And miniſtry impute the blame
To thoſe they ſent to quench the flame;
Burgoyne, the Howes, the great Sir Harry,
And brave Cornwallis, all miſcarry;
And thus, in folly's mad career,
The farce goes on from year to year,
And what's been ſought for long in vain
Is to be done the NEXT campaign.

That miniſters, who Britain's crown
The worſt of injuries have done,
Are ſuffer'd ſtill to blunder on,
Much wonder has with many rais'd,
And well the world may be amaz'd!
For failures, blunders, and diſgraces,
The firmer fix them in their places.
Endleſs diſputes the war occaſions,
For thoſe of all denominations

Have,

Have, ſince the conteſt firſt began,
Been politicians to a man;
Warm to a fault too apt to be,
And ſon and father diſagree:
But, think not politics alone,
Can in a large free trading town,
At this time fam'd for SPECULATION,
Engroſs the public converſation;
O'er cheering cups, as things fall out,
And falſe alarms are ſpread about,
Some grave appear, ſome gay, ſome ſad,
And ſome are NAVIGATION mad.

Accuſtom'd more than twenty years,
To ſing on extra ſtate affairs,
Of this the author being known,
To do his beſt when call'd upon,
And having worn, beyond a doubt,
His conſtitution almoſt out,

Preſumes,

Preſumes, his worthy, num'rous friends,
On whoſe ſupport his work depends,
For juſt One Shilling paid at ſight,
Will not his publication ſlight.

A firſt-rate ſongſter often gains
Both wealth and fame with little pains;
Two annual ſongs, a century back,
Were rated at a butt of ſack,
Which ſervice now brings in a clear
And neat Two Hundred Pounds a year;
Inferior bards, for half the ſtake,
Ten times as much would undertake,
Rejoice to reap the glorious pay,
And live on roaſt meat ev'ry day.

Whatever ſubject may ariſe,
Whatever fancy may deviſe,
No ſongſter has a better plea
For printing, than—neceſſity.

In

In fact, each day, when children nine,
In perfect health ſit down to dine—
Think not, the whole can be maintain'd
By what is from the ale-ſcore gain'd:
Profits on beer and ballads too,
In theſe times will but barely do.

A COL-

A

COLLECTION

OF

NEW SONGS.

BRITAIN's GLORY.

Tune.---"*Come then all ye ſocial powers.*"

COME ye lads who wiſh to ſhine
Bright in future ſtory,
Haſte to arms and form the line
That leads to martial glory.

CHORUS.

Charge the MUSQUET, point the LANCE,
Brave the worſt of dangers;
Tell the bluſtering ſons of France
That we to fear are ſtrangers.

Britain, when the LION's rous'd,
And her FLAG is rearing,
Always finds her ſons diſpos'd
To drub the foe that's daring.
Chorus---Charge the muſquet, &c.

Hearts of oak with ſpeed advance,
Pour your naval thunder
On the trembling ſhores of France,
And ſtrike the WORLD with wonder.
Chorus---Charge the muſquet, &c.

HONOUR for the BRAVE to ſhare
Is the nobleſt booty;
Guard your coaſt, protect the fair,
For that's a BRITON's duty.
Chorus---Charge the muſquet, &c.

What if SPAIN (for which ſhe ſmarts)
Forms a baſe alliance;
All unite, and Britiſh hearts
May bid the world defiance.

CHORUS.

Beat the DRUM, the TRUMPET ſound,
Manly and united;
Danger face, maintain your ground,
And ſee your COUNTRY righted.

The DEFEAT of D'ESTAING at SAVANNAH.

Tune.---"*Over the hills and far away.*"

HARK! from o'er the Weſtern main,
Fame exulting ſpreads her wing;
Britons catch the welcome ſtrain,
And fir'd with joy this chorus ſing---

CHORUS.

Proud the GALLIC COCK was grown,
But that pride is coming down;
Britiſh valour cuts his comb,
And drives the TRAITOR bleeding home.

Rolling o'er the raging ſea,
Came the vile inſulting foe,
Vowing in his wrath that he
Would ſtrike a deep and deadly blow.

Chorus---Proud the Gallic cock, &c.

To menaces before unknown,
This was every veteran's cry;
"Sooner than give up the town,
Before the walls we'll bravely die."

Chorus---Proud the Gallic cock, &c.

Now the balls from ramparts play,
A dreadful carnage ſoon appears;
But lo! the bluſtering COUNT gave way,
For low were laid his grenadiers.
Chorus---Proud the Gallic cock, &c.

Manfully the brave PREVOST,
Gallia's boaſted chief fell on;
Stript the laurel from his brow,
And fixt the branch upon his own.

CHORUS.

Proud the GALLIC COCK was grown,
But that pride is coming down;
Britiſh valour cuts his comb,
And drives the TRAITOR bleeding home.

LANGARA's DEFEAT:
Or, The BRITISH FLAG Triumphant.

Tune.---*The Vicar and Moſes.*

WITH party away,
Let none dare to ſay,
But all Britain's true-hearted ſons;
Their voices will raiſe,
To ſing in the praiſe,
Of thoſe who have well drubb'd the Dons.

In

In anxiety keen,
Had the kingdom long been,
From the waves ſomething noble to hear;
The time is now come,
Bold Britons ſtrike home,
And joy in each face muſt appear.

Gallant RODNEY, who'd not,
More than three weeks been out,
To make much of a ſhort winter's day;
Like the old Engliſh HAWKE,
No ſeaſon would baulk,
But inſtantly darts on his prey.

Tho' tempeſts did roar,
And near a lee-ſhore,
No danger could ruffle his brow;
And treating with ſcorn,
Putting things off till morn,
Cry'd, "We'll try it out handſomely now."

Of the line five they claim,
Ships as fine as e'er ſwam,

One burnt, and two daſh'd on the ſhore:
Three capuchin friars,
Much againſt their deſires,
This important event did deplore.

The bold Britiſh chief,
To our foes bitter grief,
Like a veteran tar did engage;
And as fame truly ſings,
Clipt the * Phœnix's wings,
And made the old bird ſhift his cage.

Since the Dons are in crib,
And ſecur'd in old GIB,
Let gladneſs in ev'ry breaſt reign;
Your bumbers then fill,
For Britons are ſtill
The lords that give law on the main.

* Name of the Spaniſh Admiral's ſhip.

JERSEY EXPEDITION.

CHriſtmas gambols to make, being valiant and ſtout,
The French on a viſit to Jerſey ſet out,
And met with that holiday kind of reception,
So droll the account it exceeds all deſcription.

Derry down.

For *extra production* ſince types were firſt ſet,
There never was ſeen a more curious Gazette;
Not dreaming of harm, in the dead of the night,
The chief was caught napping, and wrote in a fright.

Derry down.

Eight hundred were landed, the beſt accounts ſay,
And got to St. Helier's before break of day;
But in a few hours to believe they were taught,
'Twas the much deareſt market-place ever they fought.

Derry down.

For when his brave troops, the bold PIERSON led on,
Tho' the gallant youth fell, ſoon the battle was won;
Nay all were, it ſeems, (and what more could be ſaid)
Kill'd, wounded, and taken---*the reſt away fled.*

Derry down.

Tune

Tune---" *Religion's a politic law.*"

To St. Maloe's was ſent an expreſs,
Illuminate now was the word;
The people could do nothing leſs,
Such joy did the tidings afford:
But here lies the cream of the jeſt,
The boaſter a ſecond time writes,
" 'Tis all a mere farce I proteſt---
" Pray, gentlemen, put out your lights."

The Britiſh commander was taken;
The Frenchman to watch cloſely o'er him,
And thinking to ſave his own bacon,
His captive had plac'd right before him:
A markſman obſerving what ſtate,
The poor frighted Col'nel was in,
Let fly through the *Governor*'s hat,
And took off the *Frog-eater*'s chin.

From ſuch a kind ſhot I'll be bound,
'Tis more than a hundred to ten,
So deep and ſo deadly the wound
He'll never want ſhaving again:
So here ends this Quixote affair,
The Frenchmen paid dear for their frolic;
For hundreds were drove to deſpair,
And dy'd of a *leaden ball cholic*.

The

The ENGLISH LION.

Tune.--- "*As I was a driving my waggon one day.*"

THE Lion of England, a ſcore years ago,
With ſuch matchleſs ſpirit and vigour did glow;
His much-dreaded name kept whole kingdoms in awe,
Who trembled with fear, if he ſtirr'd but his paw.

On his ſubjects, if any intruſions were made,
Their perſons inſulted, or injur'd their trade;
Being true open-hearted, and free of acceſs,
Complaints juſtly founded ne'er fail'd of redreſs.

When the Gallic cock proud and impertinent grew,
To his HAWKE, if he whiſper'd, away the bird flew;
Who always made ſure, if he catch'd him from home,
To rumple his FEATHERS, and cloſe cut his COMB.

But now, in the ſpace of a very few years,
Obſerve what a ſtrange alteration appears!
The cock more inſulting is grown than before,
Leo's den he approaches, and crows at his door.

To account for this ſtrange falling off, ſome have ſaid,
When training, the youth was moſt groſsly miſled;
And date the misfortune and cauſe of our woes,
From the *thiſtle* ſupplanting the fair Engliſh roſe.

Then

Were his fav'rites diſcarded, ſome hopes would remain,
Of reſuming his old native courage again;
And would Father-time but this bleſſing impart,
No news could more gladden an Engliſhman's heart.

Their deſerts could his greateſt betrayers but have,
Many lives 'twould preſerve, many millions 'twould ſave;
And were the moſt infamous held up to ſcorn,
Not a ſoldier would weep, not a ſailor would mourn.

Trade then would revive, a bleſt union prevail,
The Dons would grow ſick, and the cock would turn tail;
Like the ſhooting of Byng, 'twould all murm'ring appeaſe,
And both King and ſubject enjoy happy days.

PAUL JONES.

Tune.---"*Stick a pin there.*"

OF heroes and ſtateſmen I'll juſt mention four,
That cannot be match'd if we trace the world o'er;
For none of ſuch fame ever ſtept o'er the ſtones
As Germain, Jemmy Twitcher, Lord North and Paul Jones.

Through

Through a mad-headed war, which Old England will rue,
At London, at Dublin, and Edinburgh too;
The tradeſman ſtands ſtill, and the merchant bemoans,
The loſſes he meets with from ſuch as Paul Jones.

Contractors about this bold rebel harangue,
And ſwear, if they catch him, the traitor they'll hang;
But amongſt theſe devourers of ten per cent. loans,
Are full as great robbers as any Paul Jones.

How happy for England would fortune but ſweep,
At once all her treacherous foes to the deep;
For the land under burthens moſt bitterly groans,
To get rid of ſome that are worſe than Paul Jones.

To each jolly heart that is Britain's true friend,
In bumpers I'd freely this toaſt recommend;
"May Paul be converted, the miniſtry purg'd,
"Old England be free, and her enemies ſcourg'd."

The DIABOLIAD.

"WHEN Pluto, as told,
Grew amazingly old,"
As much from his death was to fear;
That doubts might be quell'd,
A council was held,
A ſucceſſor to vote for the chair.

Amongſt

Amongſt the directors,
Sat many contractors,
Who to favour had artfully crept in;
With clippers and coiners,
And ſtate underminers,
All eclips'd by a baſtard of Neptune.

Many hundreds apply'd,
Who at Tyburn had dy'd,
Yet all in their efforts were foil'd;
John the Painter had friends,
And a ſmall ſhew of hands,
Were in favour of Jonathan Wild.

After many hours ſpent,
On this ſpecial intent,
And what can their bus'neſs controul?
A whiſper went round,
That on earth might be found,
By far the beſt qualify'd ſoul.

The firſt that was nam'd,
Was that hero ſo fam'd,
Who at Minden high honours did gain;
A legion, at leaſt,
His merit confeſt,
And loudly they ſhouted G--M--N.

Lord

Lord GEORGE bore the ſway,
'Till the KNIGHT urg'd his plea;
In favour of each much was ſaid;
And which of the two,
To elect they ſcarce knew,
For orders they'd both diſobey'd.

GUY FAUX, thro' miſtake,
Was got into the *wake*,
Who it ſeems by his LANTHORN was known:
But in point of reſpect,
JEMMY TWITCHER, in fact,
Is before him a thouſand to one.

'Ere the *log-book* was clos'd,
Captain HOOD was propos'd,
And others, of hearts truly callous;
Jolly DICK was well ſpoke of,
JOHNNY STRUTT made a joke of,
And ſome for Lord M——— were zealous.

But the Devil, 'tis ſaid,
Uplifted his head,
As warm in debating they grew;
And ſwore, by the STYX,
Diabolical tricks,
Center'd moſt in the breaſt of Sir HUGH.

Though great his promotion,
The Sons of the Ocean,
For a MESSMATE no longer will have him;
As an OUT-CAST, they've now,
Set a mark on his brow,
And the MORNING-POST PARSON can't ſave him.

PRESCOT's BREECHES:

Or, The OLD SOLDIER's Voyage to AMERICA.

Tune.---*The Chace of Killruddy.*

WE ſet ſail from PORTSMOUTH on Candlemas-day,
The wind at North-eaſt, and a moderate ſea;
In forty-four hours of the Channel got clear,
And when under convoy, what had we to fear?
We ſtopt for proviſions a few days at CORK,
Then making the beſt of our way to New York,
In leſs than ſix weeks, the ATLANTIC got o'er,
And wrought in good health the AMERICAN SHORE.

For more than two months in the JERSEYS we lay,
And when nothing to eat, then we haſted away;
And whilſt ENGLAND through, expectations beat high,
That HOWE would by thouſands the REBELS deſtroy;

When

When juſt at thoſe troops he had taken a peep,
Who before were compar'd to an army of SHEEP,
He took 'em for WOLVES, turn'd his back, chang'd his tone,
And thought the beſt way was to let 'em alone.

Now up the CHESAPEAK gently we ſteer,
Then back to NEW YORK, in a woundy career;
Wonders CORNWALLIS's veterans reap,
Whilſt CLINTON and WASHINGTON play at bo-peep:
I pity poor PRESCOT, his caſe muſt be hard,
To be nabb'd in his quarters, but where was his guard?
One would think his whole CORPS muſt be dead or aſleep,
Or he'd not been ſo eaſily haul'd o'er the deep.

The chief from his bed, when commanded to riſe,
With horror was ſtruck---you may gueſs the ſurprize,
And doubtleſs might think, 'ere he wak'd from his fright,
When ent'ring the boat, in the dead of the night,
That the Fates had determin'd his doom ſo to fix,
And old CHARON was wafting him over the STYX:
More unpolite uſage ſure never was known,
Not to ſtop, juſt to let him his BREECHES ſlip on.

I wiſh from my heart the contention was o'er,
I long to approach my own country once more;
For plaguy hard biſcuit, SALT PORK, and SOUR CROUT,
Never pleaſingly go down an ENGLISHMAN's throat.

Ye beer-drinking ſouls, who, in moſt'ning your clay,
Fight *battles*, ſtorm *forts*, and croſs *lakes* every day,
Pity the SOLDIER that's ſent to theſe parts,
And drink to the welfare of all honeſt hearts.

THE CONTEST.

Tune.---*Puſh about the briſk Bowl.*

WHEN luxury reign'd, and *court-panders* obtain'd,
Rewards for no ſervices done;
Hopes of ſtill greater ſway, caus'd a FATHER to lay
An extra demand on his SON.

Such a plan to uphold, he by many was told,
Would ſoon his own fortune impair;
BRITANNIA in tears, whiſper'd this in his ears;
Yet all could not make him forbear.

After words had aroſe, he proceeded to blows,
And being with power replete,
Made oath to his friends, that he'd never ſhake hands,
Till the YOUTH was laid down at his feet.

The GALLIC COCK crew, when his ſabre he drew,
And, anxious to cheriſh the fire,
At their wounds and their ſtings, kept clapping his wings
Better paſtime he could not deſire.

This

This treacherous foe, to give a bye blow,
Will all opportunites take;
Time has been that MONSIEUR, would have trembled with fear,
If the LION his mane did but ſhake.

Savage Monſters let looſe, did their ſcalping knives uſe,
The *Indians* their *tomahawks* threw;
Every effort was try'd, *German Butchers* employ'd,
Yet nothing the buſineſs would do.

After millions expended, and no good intended,
Oh! think how it humbled their pride;
When touch'd to the quick, his ADVISERS turn'd ſick,
Chang'd colour, recanted, and cry'd.

Falſe friends by his ſide, the STATE RUDDER to guide,
Are dangerous leaders to truſt;
Yet ſtrange as it ſeems, he thoſe beſt eſteems,
Who his property injure the moſt.

Few minds, 'tis well known, to maturity grown,
Imperious commands can endure;
And terms better made, might the PARENT have had,
Than conqueſt can ever enſure.

Then come, ſmiling PEACE, cauſe diſcord to ceaſe,
And all be united and free;
Thy welcome approach, is ſolicited much,
Grant ſoon we the BLESSING may ſee.

JOLLY DICK and JEMMY TWITCHER.

A DIALOGUE.

Sung to the Tune of, *The Jovial Beggar.*

TWO STATEMEN, who were ſeldom known,
At CHURCH the knee to bend,
A conſultation held, to learn,
A *Faſt-day* how to ſpend.

The one, 'tis known, a CHAPLAIN kept,
Of INDIA's antient breed;
A MONKEY, which, if fame ſays true,
Did grace at table read.

His ſervice to the country round,
Such laughter did afford,
'Tis ſcarce yet clear'd, who's moſt rever'd,
The CHAPLAIN or his LORD.

Now RICHARD was a jolly dog,
Of little thought or care;
Though, like his friend, he pray'rs diſdain'd,
No man could faſter ſwear.

Full well 'tis known, their private hours,
Until this pious age,
A bottle and a bawdy ſong,
Did frequently engage.

This

This gloomy ſervice, ſure, ſays DICK,
But little time will laſt;
Though bound t'obey, I cannot pray,
And d—n me if I faſt.

At ſo much rank hypocriſy,
One can't tell what to ſay;
For GOVERNMENT, is firmly bent,
To fight as well as pray.

Says RICHARD, fain I'd keep this day,
As you, JEM, keep each Sunday;
At large to rowl, and ſoak my ſoul,
In CLARET and BURGUNDY.

But here, in this religious farce,
Lies all the ſeeming evil,
We can't attend, at church to bend,
Unleſs we cheat the DEVIL.

To diſoblige ſo good a friend,
Quoth JEM, I ſhould be loth;
Nor would I fling, or jeer the king,
But ſtrive to pleaſe 'em both.

Between ourſelves, I think, cries DICK,
The buſineſs may be done;
I'll do a part, with all my heart,
If you'll the robes put on.

The plan took place, the PEER was pleas'd,
'Twas droll the ſcene to ken;
So PUG was out of orders kick'd.
And RICHARD ſaid, *Amen.*

The STATE BEGGARS.

OF all the jolly BEGGARS,
That grievances relate,
There's none, I trow, like thoſe who go
A begging for the STATE.
And a begging we will go.

If STATESMEN loſe an EMPIRE,
How can we blame the men,
Who uſe their might, to beg and fight,
To get it back again.
And a begging, &c.

Lord NORTH ſhall ſtill be counted,
The foremoſt of the train,
For begging more, than all the poor,
Of ENGLAND would maintain.
And a begging, &c.

He begg'd for *thirty millions*,
The flames of war t'increaſe;

And

And when he could not have his end,
He begg'd and pray'd for peace.
And a begging, &c.

The KING, his debts to maſter,
As well as aſk for more,
A begging went,---and PARLIAMENT,
Clear'd off the Royal ſcore.
And a begging, &c.

When GILBERT mov'd, that *Placemen*,
Shou'd have their pay reduc'd,
Like JOLLY DICK, they all turn'd ſick,
And begg'd to be excus'd.
And a begging, &c.

Whilſt *taxes* are increaſing,
The kingdom will complain;
To ſtop this plague, the people beg,
But always beg in vain.
And a begging, &c,

For loſs of many thouſands,
Were *ſtateſmen* to attone,
Let *Jack Ketch* fix, the rope on SIX,
And all the work is done.
And a begging we will go.

NED

NED DENNIS:

COMMONLY CALLLD, JACK KETCH.

Tune.---*Puſh about the Jorum.*

WHATE'ER in juſtice may be ſaid,
Of every miſchief aider,
NED DENNIS was a tight lad,
As ever ſtept a ladder;
To make trade briſk, his life he'd riſk,
And thoughts of danger ſcorning,
Would tell with glee, how many he,
Had ſtrangled in a morning.

But few like him a nooſe could draw;
'Twas practice made him clever;
And ſtrictly to enforce the law,
Us'd every endeavour:
For int'reſt ſake, at *Tyburn wake*,
Good ſport was wont to nouriſh;
For proud was he, no doubt, to ſee
His buſineſs finely flouriſh.

When LONDON in a blaze was ſeen,
It happen'd his misfortune,
To mix among, a daring throng,
Which made his danger certain:

A harder caſe, ſure never was;
For when the MOB diſcern'd him,
They made him lend, a lifting hand,
Or otherwiſe they'd burn'd him.

So uſeful in his line of life,
And tender in his dealings,
What pity 'twere the world ſhould loſe,
A man of ſuch nice feelings!
The *hanging trade*, ſince *cords* were made,
Sure never went on faſter;
To crown the plan, *Jack's journeyman*,
Begs leave to hang his *maſter*.

Condemn'd he was, and loſt his place,
Which worſt of all things griev'd him:
Yet ſoon he made, (at COURT, 'tis ſaid,)
That int'reſt which repriev'd him:
His fears have ceas'd, his mind's appeas'd,
The rogue the world has cheated;
Contract for ROPES, and lives in hopes,
Of being reinſtated.

When deadly riots ſhock the STATE,
RELIGION'S made the ſubject;
No Popery! was the luring bait,
But *plunder* was the object;

JEWS,

JEWS, JILTS, FOOTPADS, and 'PRENTICE LADS,
A glorious combination!
Pull CHAPELS down, and fire the TOWN,
To cry up REFORMATION.

LORD G. GORDON's PROCESSION.

Tune.---*The Black Joke.*

OLD ENGLAND, alas! what is come to thy ſons,
Such rioting over the CAPITAL runs,
As never was ſeen in the kingdoms before;
A ſtrange ſet of beings as ever were found,
Or known to aſſemble on fair Engliſh ground,
All zealouſly bent, in a body ruſh on,
To make at *St. Stephen's* their grievances known,
Concerning the progreſs of Babylon's whore.

From the Fields of *St. George*, when ſpeaking, at leaſt
To ſee fifty thouſand march juſt ſix a-breaſt,
The city might well in confuſion be thrown;
Cockades of *True Blue* never more were diſplay'd,
And to grace the proceſſion, the *Bagpipes* were play'd;
A mixture more curious did never appear,
LORD GEORGE in the van, and JACK KETCH in the rear
Crying, Down, down, with popery down!

As the PEERS were aſſembling this RIOT begins,
Without bluſhing they broke the LORD PRESIDENT's ſhins,
And the BISHOPS ſilk robes were ſhamefully tore;
From PARLIAMENT WIGS clouds of powder flew out,
For bags, and full bottoms, were bandied about,
And GERMAIN very fain would have mended his pace,
When a full pot of *porter* came daſh in his face,
Who never but ONCE was ſo frighted before.

But heaven be prais'd, the diſturbance is o'er,
LORD GEORGE ſafe and ſnug, is lodg'd in the TOWER,
Long waiting for Juſtice to ſettle the caſe;
From hence over BRITIAN may harmony reign,
And *London* the like ne'er experience again;
When warring abroad, diviſions at home,
By beating RELIGION's fanatical drum,
On the kingdom has brought the greateſt diſgrace.

TAXATION:

Or, THE COURTIER's CREED.

Tune.---*And a hunting we will go.*

I AM the PREMIER's SCHOLAR bred,
Can well my leſſon ſay;
And whilſt his bounty is diſplay'd,
His NOD I will obey.
And a taxing we will go, &c.

If prov'd to be good policy,
To keep the *Subject* poor,
No *Miniſter*, I will aver,
Can boaſt of doing more.
And a taxing, &c.

The Man that would CROWN INFLUENCE cruſh,
Shall ne'er obtain his plan;
Tho' JUSTICE at the *deed* may bluſh,
A *courtier* never can.
And a taxing, &c.

The LOAVES and FISHES ſhall be deem'd,
Our juſt and rightful claim;
And him a REBEL I pronounce,
That does not think the ſame.
And a taxing, &c.

No matter how, or who's to blame,
The kingdom's caſh that ſpends;
For that which would a Swindler ſhame,
A Placeman's fame extends.
And a taxing, &c.

By *Aye* or *No*, diſputes to drown,
We ſerve our MASTER's call;
Knock juſtice, truth, and reaſon down,
And glory in the fall.
And a taxing, &c.

COR-

CORRUPTION's SONS, come follow me,
TAXATION is our CREED;
For that's the true and only way,
To make *Old England* bleed.
And a taxing, &c.

Ye PLACEMEN, in theſe golden days,
To do your beſt prepare;
For taxing meaſures ne'er ſhall ceaſe,
Whilſt we the PLUNDER ſhare.
And a plundering we will go, &c.

THE GENERAL ELECTION.

Tune.---- *Shawnbree.*

DISSOLUTION's the word, and the writs are all out,
Every man to his ſtation;
Hark! what a rattle, and ſee what a rout,
Proceeds from the ſudden occaſion:
Fair FREEDOM's the ſound, that is echo'd around,
And drinking to ſhew firm affection,
Is the old Engliſh fun, that is ſtill carried on,
At every *General Election.*

Bankers, and Brokers, leave London in haſte,
A love for their country pretending;
And greedy CONTRACTORS, of Boroughs in queſt,
To Tinkers and Taylors are bending:

Fine words are diſplay'd, fair promiſes made,
But when the grand work is effected,
Till ſix years are gone, out of twenty, ſcarce one,
See the PLACES for which they're elected.

Strange UPS and DOWNS have a few weeks diſplay'd,
Changing for worſe or for better;
Soon on their backs, BURKE and CRUGER were laid,
Than *Briſtol* few CONTESTS were greater:
What long time agone, at *Stafford* was known,
Poor WHITWORTH has felt to his ſorrow;
That mere WEIGHT OF METAL, the buſineſs will ſettle,
And always make ſure of the BOROUGH.

COVENTRY LIONS outrageous are grown,
Nor is there a ſoul that will doubt it;
WINDOWS they break, knock the CONSTABLES down,
And ſwear they know nothing about it:
Theſe KNIGHTS of the BLUE, when the blood's heated, ſhew,
So much of the *Bedlam* complexion.
That thoſe moſt of all, who for LIBERTY bawl,
Turn *ſavage* at every ELECTION.

In EVESHAM's ſweet vale, 'twere a very hard heat,
And KEPPEL though jockey'd at WINDSOR,
On GUILDFORD's fair plains his antagoniſt beat,
And the *knowing ones* deeply took in, ſir;

SIR

SIR WATKIN may frown, and well be caſt down,
Hearty lads for the cauſe did he muſter;
But ſpite of their ſkill, let 'em do what they will,
He always is jockey'd at WOR'STER.

WARWICKSHIRE LADS, to their honour be't ſaid,
INDEPENDENCE have ever ſupported;
Ne'er may ſo noble a cauſe be betray'd,
Or its intereſt ever deſerted:
The free SONS of TRADE, by unity ſway'd,
Diſplay ſuch a pow'rful connection,
When conteſts ariſe, 'tis the BIRMINGHAM BOYS,
That always can crown an ELECTION.

The WHITE WASH;
OR, KING'S-BENCH WAKE.

Tune. --- *Caſſino.*

LET thoſe through life who'd fondly ſtray,
And all its burthens chace away,
Before the ſcene is ended, run
For that which miracles has done:
No fame is reap'd by vending traſh,
This compound is a curious WASH,
Which at one bruſhing makes you clean,
As ever new born babe was ſeen.

In LONDON, ſince the great uproar,
No NOSTRUM e'er was ſought for more;
There thouſands ruſh the ſweets to ſhare,
The CIT, the CLOWN, the PIMP, the PLAYER:
The greateſt knave that breath e'er knew,
The vileſt SWINDLER, deepeſt JEW,
Need only but this balm apply,
To face the world, and fear deſtroy.

Full trot the BUTCHER ſkims the ground,
The promis'd land is quickly found;
And TONSORS, TRULLS, and TINKERS take,
A gentle trip to *King's-bench Wake*:
MERCERS, GROCERS, and a train
Of others form the motley ſcene;
And practice tells no ſhorter way,
Can PUBLICANS the MALSTERS pay.

But hark! what rumour flies about,
The ſecret is at length come out,
And (white-waſh'd members) every one,
That able is to bear a gun:
And can the martial art acquire,
To *ſhoulder*, *charge*, *preſent*, and *fire*,
To INDIA, if no means prevent,
To fight the DUTCH will ſoon be ſent.

The LAWYER, who plain dealing hates,
Turns SWINDLER, and his agent cheats;
And BUSKIN'D HEROES mix among
The loweſt of the BLACK-LEGG'D throng:
For art all fam'd, of courage full,
And fit to face the Great Mogul;
To bring BATAVIAN greatneſs low,
And HYDER-ALLY overthrow.

Three thouſand ſtrong, 'tis ſaid, they'll go,
When marſhall'd, what a glorious ſhow!
Singing, when on board they get,
"No man e'er was hang'd for debt:"
And when as rich as NABOBS grown,
Each CREDITOR ſhall have his own;
But will, till that bleſt time draws nigh,
At Conſcience laugh, and Law defy.

The STREAM of CORRUPTION.

MY ſong is of CORRUPTION's ſtream,
Ye COURTIERS all applaud the theme;
For 'tis the ſwelling tide that's known,
To bear all OPPOSITION down;
It's mighty power can wonders do,
And this we by experience know,
That few the TORRENT ever ſought,
But what would wiſh to mend their draught.

A truſty ſervant, nobly bred,
Is ſeated at the fountain head,
Who plies the grand SPECIFIC more,
Than mortal ever did before;
To thoſe diſpos'd his plan t'obey,
So kind his looks, they ſeem to ſay,
"All of the STREAM, ſhall have their fill,
"Who bend obſequious to my will."

Cloſe by him ſits a jolly blade,
Who not a ruſh cares what is ſaid;
Who by degrees from ſipping came,
To dip the deepeſt in the ſtream:
Tho' ſix ſcore pounds, at leaſt, a day,
His profits run, what harm to ſay,
If TEN TIMES more, he'd on it fall,
And rapidly devour it all.

How happy at the Navy Board,
Sits down her firſt high honour'd Lord!
The wat'ry God, who ſcorns to own,
A LAND-BRED ADMIRAL for his Son,
Since that confirm'd ill-fated hour,
Which brought a SANDWICH into power,
On BRITAIN, once his favourite iſle,
Has ſeldom deign'd to caſt a ſmile.

The worſt of ſubjects thoſe we'll deem,
Who aim to ſtop or check the STREAM;
PROTESTORS come, and join with me,
Diſdain'd be all œconomy:
In vain ſhall Senators debate,
Whilſt FOLLY guides the helm of ſtate,
And LOANS and LOTTERIES ſwell the tide,
The STREAM ſhall never ceaſe to glide.

THE TIMES.

On STOPPING the CIRCULATION of DOLLARS.

Tune.---*Puſh about the Jorum.*

I AM a jolly Bacchanal
Who ne'er regarded party,
I love the lad, and ever ſhall,
That's honeſt, free, and hearty;
By ſudden loſs, if things go croſs,
To almoſt every creature,
Whate'er's amiſs, my ſong is this,
I wiſh the TIMES were better

Tho' POLITICS, the common prate,
Of more than half the nation,
Domeſtic ſtrife and broils create,
With thoſe of every ſtation:

In

In life's ſhort round, I ne'er was found,
To mirth and glee a traitor;
In true good will, repeating ſtill,
I wiſh the TIMES were better.

Of warm diſputes, amongſt the reſt,
For folly and diſſention,
A Play-houſe war, five years, at leaſt,
Has drawn the moſt attention;
And now it ſeems, to ſuch extremes,
For players ſome have gone, ſir,
In town this year, two troops appear,
The next we mayn't ſee one, ſir.

To ſuch a pitch are matters grown,
Tho' ſome may think it ſtrange, ſir,
To change their CASH, ſome hard are run,
And ſome have none to change, ſir;
GOOD GUINEAS are, exceeding rare,
The COPPER COIN how plaguing!
SMALL SILVER trace, 'tis moſtly baſe,
And DOLLARS go a begging.

This portly coin, ſo freely paid,
And uſeful, when firſt offer'd,

With merchants ſoon became a trade,
Nor heeded they who ſuffer'd;
From large concerns, and quick returns,
To make their markets of it,
Was their intent—for *cent. per cent.*
Is no unpleaſing profit.

The Bakers ſoon began to feel,
An inconvenience riſing;
The Butchers ſwore, by pointed ſteel,
It claim'd their advertiſing;
And ſince they at the *Caſtle* met,
Their CHAIRMAN flatly told us,
That bread nor meat, at any rate,
For DOLLARS would be ſold us.

The Drapers, Druggiſts, Publicans,
And Gingerbread Contractors,
In council met, to ſtate their plans,
And diſconcert the Factors:
Debates went on, both *pro* and *con*,
A motley throng attended;
A deal was ſaid, but nothing done,
And thus the buſineſs ended.

BIRMINGHAM ALE TASTERS.

Tune.---*How happy a ſtate does a Miller poſſeſs.*

OF all civil officers annually choſe,
There's none in the kingdom are equal to thoſe,
Whoſe duty requires, little more than to rove,
And taſte at the pleaſure, what ENGLISHMEN love.

From Bord'ſley to Hockley our PROVINCE extends,
I wiſh we had time to addreſs all our friends;
Of houſes all free-coſt, to viſit, 'tis clear,
The Number is more than are days in the year.

We carry no truncheons, our power to ſhew,
With government matters have nothing to do;
We drink with the common, yet rank with the beſt,
And like ALDERMEN live at a LOW BAILIFF'S FEAST.

Our good BROTHER OFFICERS ſtrangers muſt be,
When beating our rounds, to the pleaſures we ſee;
From office of CONSTABLE troubles enſue,
But that of a TASTER is joy the year through.

For when upon duty, as cuſtom has taught,
We call for a TANKARD, 'tis inſtantly brought;
And how pleaſing it is for a Landlord to ſay,
You're welcome, kind ſir,—there is nothing to pay.

We

We viſit the MARKETS, and traverſe the STREETS,
Our CHIEF to aſſiſt, in adjuſting the weights;
And wiſh 'twere the practice, in all kind of ſales,
To down with the ſteelyards, and up with the ſcales.

The BUTCHERS may throw out their *marrow-bone* ſpite,
But reaſon informs us 'tis nothing but right;
For JUSTICE relying on TRUTH as her guide,
When pictur'd, has always the SCALES by her ſide.

Fill a bumper to TRADE, 'tis the TASTER's requeſt,
With plenty may BRITAIN for ever be bleſt;
Where diſcord abounds, may true friendſhip commence,
And BIRMINGHAM "flouriſh a thouſand years hence."

The COTTAGER's COMPLAINT.

On the intended BILL for encloſing SUTTON-COLDFIELD.

Tune.---*Oh the Broom, the bonny bonny Broom.*

HOW ſweetly did the moments glide!
How happy were the days!
When no ſad fear my breaſt annoy'd,
Or e'er diſturb'd my eaſe;
Hard fate! that I ſhould be compell'd,
My fond abode to loſe,
Where threeſcore years in peace I've dwell'd,
And wiſh my life to cloſe.

CHORUS.

Oh the TIME! the happy, happy TIME,
Which in my COT I've ſpent;
I wiſh the CHURCH-YARD was his doom,
Who murders my content.

My EWES are few, my STOCK is ſmall,
Yet from my little ſtore,
I find enough for Nature's call,
Nor would I aſk for more;
That word, ENCLOSURE! to my heart,
Such evil doth beſpeak,
I fear I with my All muſt part,
And freſh employment ſeek.
Chorus---Oh the time, &c.

What little of the ſpacious plain,
Should power to me conſign,
For want of means, I can't obtain,
Would not long time be mine:
The STOUT may combat fortune's frowns,
Nor dread the rich and great;
The YOUNG may fly to market-towns,
But where can I retreat?
Chorus---Oh the time, &c.

What kind of feelings muſt that man
Within his mind poſſeſs,

Who, from an avaricious plan,
His neighbours would diſtreſs?
Then ſoon, in pity to my caſe,
To Reaſon's ear incline;
For on his HEART it ſtamps diſgrace,
Who form'd the baſe deſign.

CHORUS.

Oh the TIME! the happy, happy TIME,
Which in my COT I've ſpent;
I wiſh the CHURCH-YARD was his doom,
Who murders my content.

The STAFFORDSHIRE FOX-CHACE.

IN ſeventeen hundred and ſeventy-nine,
The ſeaſon appearing remarkably fine,
For ſport being bent, on the eighth day of MARCH,
At day-break we roſe, and of game went in ſearch:
Over their bowls other ſportſmen may boaſt
What dangers they've brav'd, what rivers have croſt;
With us, I'll maintain it, whoever had been,
Would have ſwore, better running there never was ſeen.

We rode to Birch Coppice, and threw off at ſix,
And ſoon on their prey did our nimble pack fix;
Then making for Bentley, the jolly briſk train,
Got ſight of another, and at it again:

Such was the muſic, 'twould do the heart good,
To hear how it echo'd through Kingſbury-Wood;
True-hearted SPORTSMEN contending for fame,
In the fleety purſuit of the nobleſt of game.

From Drayton to Bangley, he ſcours it away,
Nor Brockas, nor Weeford, his courage can ſtay;
With vigour we follow, through various ways,
Purſue him to Stonnall, and dance to the Hayes:
Hilton and Will'nhall were rous'd at the charm,
And 'Hampton immediately caught the alarm,
Where artiſts ran out of their ſhops, to embrace
A peep at ſo hard and uncommon a chace.

The ſweet woods of Tett'nall and Haughton's high ground,
In concert re-echo'd the joy-giving ſound;
But foil'd in his doubling, and jaded with ſtrife,
Near Penn the intruder ſurrender'd his life:
Thrice in the circle he took to the ſtream,
Twice over the New Cut, and once o'er the Team;
Stout were our ſteeds, but ſo ſpent in their breath,
Not five out of fifty were in at the death.

We boldly purſu'd ſeven hours or more,
The miles that we ran, little ſhort of fourſcore;
Horſes and Hounds ſo exerted their powers,
The Chace of KILLRUDDY was nothing to ours:

Dear

Dear for the pleaſure has ſome of us paid *;
The loſs is diſpens'd with, in having it ſaid,
Long as there's FOX-HUNTING ſeen in the land,
Recorded this CHACE ſhall at FISHERWICK ſtand.

* Being the Death of ſeveral HORSES.

INVITATION to VAUX-HALL GARDENS.

SOFT SPRING, the proclaimer of rural delights,
Again to her ſweet native bowers invites;
The joy to embrace, when the ſeaſon is fair,
All ye who the peaceful amuſement would ſhare,
When mirth gives the ſummons, to honour the call,
Give a reſpite to care, and away to VAUX-HALL.

When the evening is fine, how enlivening the ſcene,
The walks to parade, or to trip o'er the green!
No troubles to harraſs, no fears to alarm,
The mind ſits at eaſe, when there's muſic to charm;
Then quickly away, to the regions reſort,
Which pleaſure makes choice of for keeping her court.

The TRADESMAN, who's got a few moments to ſpare,
Finds here a refreſhment, to ſolace his care;
The ARTIST will often his labour throw by,
The ſweet rural paſtime a while to enjoy:
For GENIUS, whoſe ſons oft incline to be gay,
Would droop, if there was not a ſeaſon to play.

When all appears charming, and grac'd with the FAIR,
What Gardens for ſplendor with theſe can compare?
When Nature, embelliſh'd with choice ſtrokes of art,
The mind to regale, does her beauties impart,
And mirth and good-fellowſhip keep up the ball,
What more would the heart wiſh to find at VAUX-HALL!

DROITWICH ANNUAL FESTIVAL.

Tune.---*Ye Warwickſhire Lads and ye Laſſes.*

FOR CONCORD to ſhew our affection,
Each year at the BAILIFF's ELECTION,
O'er plentiful bowls, wit and mirth to diſplay,
We gladly aſſemble to honour the day;
Honour the day,
Free and gay,
We gladly aſſemble to honour the day.

Here friendſhip and mirth are united,
And none but good ſouls are invited;
For freedom and chearfulneſs, free from diſguiſe,
Ever dwell in the boſoms of Wor'ſterſhire boys;
Wor'ſterſhire boys,
No diſguiſe,
Ever dwell in the hearts of true Wor'ſterſhire boys.

The

The CLERGY, LAW, PHYSIC, and others,
In feſtive enjoyment are brothers;
And the PEER, who delights to be ſocial and gay,
Sits down with the TRADESMAN to honour the day;
Honour the day,
Free and gay,
Sits down with the TRADESMAN to honour the day.

The Members of BOROUGH and COUNTY,
With pleaſure partake of the bounty;
Other towns may with good wholeſome fare be replete,
But DROITWICH beats all for a bountiful treat;
Bountiful treat,
Plenty's ſeat,
But DROITWICH beats all for a bountiful treat.

Whilſt mirth upon every face is,
My WORTHIES come fill up your glaſſes,
Till time is no more, on this plentiful ground,
May FOX-HUNTERS, FOLEYS, and FRIENDSHIP abound;
Friendſhip abound,
Joy go round,
And FOX-HUNTERS, FOLEYS, and FRIENDSHIP abound.

Tune.---*Jolly Mortals fill your Glaſſes.*

Conteſts holding in deriſion,
Seldom croſt with cares or fears;

DROITWICH

DROITWICH has no oppoſition
Known for more than thirty years.

Thoſe who covet noiſe and bluſter,
Envy, ſpite, and party ſpleen,
Let 'em ſplend their days at WOR'STER,
No ſuch doings here are ſeen.

Hark! what ſhouts are now reſounding,
LADS and LASSES, great and ſmall,
All in joy the GEORGE ſurrounding,
Honour Friendſhip's annual call.

If you ſearch the kingdom over,
Tell me, where's the BOROUGH TOWN,
From the ORKNEY-ISLES to DOVER,
That more SPECIE pays the Crown.

Many BURGESES has DROITWICH,
Better fit for PARLIAMENT,
Than the greater part of thoſe, which
CORNISH BOROUGHS repreſent.

Ever free, and always ready,
Truth and Juſtice to defend;
Honeſt, chearful, true, and ſteady,
To their COUNTRY, KING, and FRIEND.

The

Then to crown this happy meeting,
And the joyous cauſe ſupport,
Bumpers cloſe with, not forgetting,
ROOT nor BRANCH of WHITLEY-COURT.

OLD ENGLISH HOSPITALITY.

In Honour of the DUKE of RUTLAND's BIRTH-DAY.

WHERE OLD ENGLISH true HOSPITALITY reigns,
A free-hearted chearfulneſs gladdens the plains;
For mirth all prepare, and in jocular ſtrains,
Sing, O the roaſt beef of Old England!
O the Old Engliſh roaſt beef.

From the joys of the field, for the joys of the bowl,
The Fox-hunting lover, who knows no controul,
At BELVOIR this day, ſhall ſit down like a ſoul.
And ſing, O the roaſt beef of Old England, &c.

The FAIR-ONES advance, to embelliſh the ſcene,
ARTS, SCIENCE, and COMMERCE unite in the train,
And ruddy fac'd PEASENTS exert every vein,
To ſing, O the roaſt beef of Old England, &c.

Tune.---*The Hounds are all out, &c.*

'Tis FREEDOM's fair call,
Make the heart beat with joy,
And bids us to pleaſure away;

OLD

OLD AGE ſmiles conſent,
LOVE and YOUTH fondly cry,
To mirth be devoted the day.

The bleſt morn to welcome,
Behold with what glee,
The RUSTICKS retire from the plow;
A chearfulneſs open,
Expreſſive, and free,
Is ſeated on every brow.

The ſound of a GRANBY,
Delights VOLUNTEERS,
By BRITONS 'twas ever admir'd;
And when the lov'd name,
In a RUTLAND appears,
Each boſom with joy muſt be fir'd.

Their tribute to pay,
To the LORD of the plains,
All ranks to the CASTLE reſort;
For COMUS, who governs,
Where harmony reigns,
At BELVOIR is keeping his COURT.

How ſplendid the board!
How ſumptuous the treat!
How pleaſing where-ever we turn!

For beauty and ſenſe,
Grace the good ancient ſeat,
Which MANNERS did ever adorn.

'Tis a TOAST from our hearts,
Which we give with three cheers,
"That the PEER, form'd by nature to pleaſe,
May live to out-number,
His GRANDSIRE in years,
And happineſs crown all his days."

RECRUITING SONGS.

CAPTAIN CARVER's MILITIA.

Tune. — *Nancy Dawſon.*

TO ARMS, to ARMS, hark! hark the DRUM,
How chearfully it beats, come, come,
In times like theſe to keep at home,
As BRITONS, would degrade us,
Come every jolly heart of gold,
Be active, zealous, ſtout, and bold
And let our enemies be told,
We dare 'em to invade us.

Amongſt a band ſo brave and free,
Led on by him we fondly ſee,

Who'

Who, GRANBY like, cries, "follow me,"
There can be no repining;
The duty nothing can retard,
And he may think his fortune hard,
Who by the STANDARD is debarr'd,
The noble CORPS from joining.

In FIFTY-NINE, a year we prize,
The new-rais'd brave MILITIA BOYS,
Went through their manual exercise,
With ſpirit and decorum;
Their efforts were with glory crown'd
For whilſt they guarded Britiſh ground,
Our veteran TROOPS the world went round,
And conquer'd all before 'em.

See FEEDOM's BANNER pois'd in air,
With ardor to the FLAG repair,
A while leave each domeſtic care,
And ſhew an Engliſh ſpirit:
Our COUNTRY's love ſhall be our aim;
By gaining that, we juſtly claim,
The greateſt honour, brighteſt fame,
A BRITON can inherit.

So much his troops his preſence chears,
When CARVER at the head appears,

No

No lad but in his boſom wears,
A heart with glory fir'd;
Obedient to his generous call,
We'll boldly follow, one and all,
Return with joy, or bravely fall,
What more can be requir'd?

BIRMINGHAM RECRUITS.

Tune. --- *Jolly Mortals.*

JOLLY ſons of mirth and ſpirit,
Strangers known to cares and fears,
If you glory would inherit,
Join the noble VOLUNTEERS.

FIFE and DRUM afford enjoyment,
And what TRADE ſo briſk appears,
As that ſpirited employment,
Beating up for VOLUNTEERS.

Mark thoſe YOUTHS, parading yonder,
Scarcely one turn'd ſixteen years,
Curſing fate, becauſe they're under,
Standard proof for VOLUNTEERS.

LADS as tight as coat can cover,
BIRMINGHAM for ſervice rears;
Not a TOWN from TWEED to DOVER,
Sends the King more VOLUNTEERS.

Scorning in the cauſe to waver,
Sworn to go where glory ſteers,
FORTUNE will for ever favour,
All true-hearted VOLUNTEERS.

COVENTRY RAREE SHOW.

COLOURS flying, MUSIC playing,
RANTING BLUES their mirth diſplaying;
Hiſſing, howling, laughing, prancing,
Sometimes ſinging, ſometimes dancing.
Doodle doodle doo.

Since QUEEN BESS rode through the CITY,
Can they boaſt a Show ſo pretty?
Thouſands ſtrong their FLAGS ſurrounding,
Like an army, conqueſt ſounding.
Doodle doodle doo.

COLLIERS ſhouting, WEAVERS bragging,
Spaniel Dogs their * BLUE TAILS wagging;
At the motley hurly-burly,
PEEPING-TOM look'd plaguy ſurly.
Doodle doodle doo.

BLUE SHIRTS, BLUE WIGS, nor think I'm jeering,
Some good ſouls, to crown the CHAIRING,

* Dy'd BLUE; a common practice with ſome of the violent Partizans.

BLUED

BLUED their faces, when grown mellow,
All becauſe their BEARDS were YELLOW.
Doodle doodle do.

Guttling Bills in vain preſented,
LANDLORDS forely diſcontented;
For to them no ſight ſo fine-o
As the YELLOW READY-RHINO.
Doodle doodle do.

People from all quarters flocking,
Slaves to PARTY, FREEDOM mocking;
Rant, and roaring to perfection,
This is COVENTRY ELECTION.
Doodle doodle do.

ADMIRAL PARKER's ENGAGEMENT with the DUTCH FLEET.

Tune.—*Welcome, welcome, brother Debtor.*

ON a ſummer's SUNDAY morning,
Ere the Sun had ſhewn his face,
Gallant PARKER, danger ſcorning,
'Spy'd a ſail, and call'd to chace:
For the ACTION all get ready,
Seeming fear no breaſt beſet;
CHIEFS more brave, and MEN more ſteady,
Never on the OCEAN met.

Now begins the deadly thunder,
Noiſe and rage diſturb the flood;
Bullets rending limbs aſunder,
Every deck runs down with blood:
Stout the veſſels, great the ſlaughter;
Many from the bloody fray,
Lay like WRECKS upon the water,
Maſts and rigging tore away.

Cloſe and fierce began the firing,
Briſkly anſwering gun for gun,
Every moment lives expiring,
Not a ſhip attempts to run:
Forty minutes 'bove three hours,
Did this dreadful combat hold:
And of two contending powers,
Which prevail'd, could ſcarce be told.

FAME, to honour each bold SAILOR,
Through the world ſhall make it known,
On the waves, that Britiſh valour,
Never more conſpicuous ſhone;
From his colours no one ſhrinking:
But upon the STORMY MAIN,
DUTCHMEN ſaw the HOLLAND ſinking,
Ne'er, alas! to riſe again.

Tho'

'Tho' no CONQUEST great is founded,
Let the heart of pity crave,
Speedy comfort for the wounded,
For the dead, a wat'ry grave!
COMMERCE, at the conflict weeping,
Cries, My SONS, your rage give o'er;
Faith in TREATIES henceforth keeping,
Close the BREACH, and war no more.

The CONTRAST.

YE steady supporters of honour and worth,
On all good occasions who nobly stand forth,
When contests arise, manly vigour to shew,
Act just as did BRITONS a score years ago.

CHORUS.

Hearts of Oak sung the LADS, who on vict'ry were bent;
Their cannons loud thunder,
The WORLD struck with wonder,
They fought and they conquer'd where-ever they went.

In old GEORGE's days, when great PITT was our guide,
Our ships rode with safety, through every tide;
The Sons of bright Commerce, all chearful were seen,
For BRITAIN of NEPTUNE's wide ocean was QUEEN.
Chorus---Hearts of Oak, &c.

But now from the INDIES, when veſſels ſteer out,
They ſhun their old tract, and ſteal home North-about;
A circumſtance ENGLAND with ſorrow ſurveys,
A thing never heard of till SANDWICH's days.

Chorus---Hearts of Oak, &c.

By thoſe at the HELM, how degrading to tell,
The many diſgraces the CROWN has befel;
But wonder will ceaſe, when the ſame Set of MEN,
Are ſuffer'd to blunder again and again.

CHORUS.

Hearts of Oak ſung the LADS, who on vict'ry were bent;
Their cannons loud thunder,
The WORLD ſtruck with wonder,
They fought and they conquer'd where-ever they went.

NAVIGATION.

Tune.----*Religion's a politic law.*

AWAY with all party contention,
To commerce let wrangling give place;
The world, whilſt there's room for invention,
Will novelty ever embrace:

Dull

Dull politics ſadden the mind,
Tho' ſeldom or e'er out of faſhion,
But now at the public we find
All the talk is about Navigation.

To ſay that Old England's grown poor,
Depend on't, is all a mere farce;
Of riches the kingdom has ſtore,
'Tis only SPRING WATER that's ſcarce;
Freſh bills for canals to have granted,
The people are growing ſo mad,
I trow, if a million was wanted,
The ſum might be preſently had.

Like an all-graſping corporate body,
PROPRIETORS too much are grown,
Self-int'reſt their governing ſtudy,
Bears conſcience and principle down;
If the good of the town was their aim,
The truth, 'ſtead of wiſhing to ſcreen,
They'd inſtantly wipe away ſhame,
And give up the WEIGHING MACHINE.

Canals form for commerce a line,
And this I may venture to ſay,
When the Oxford and Coventry join,
The new one to Fazeley will pay.

Speculators

Speculators abounding with ſhares,
Should chance with your wiſhes but tally,
You'll out-do the Bulls and the Bears,
That figure away in 'Change-alley.

THE GEORGES.

On LORD SACKVILLE's PROMOTION.

Tune. ---- *Yankee Doodle.*

OF great and glorious Names to ſpeak,
Since FAME the ſubject urges,
In fighting times, a pride I take,
To ſing about the GEORGES;
For GORDON GEORGE, whoſe life was ſpar'd,
The mob may rant and tear-O,
He's nothing in the ſcale compar'd
To GEORGE, the MINDEN HERO.

When Stateſmen, of unſullied fame
With honours were inveſted,
By Britons never was a name,
Than SACKVILLE more deteſted:

Bu

But now, to England's mighty boaſt,
So much revers'd the caſe is,
The very MAN is honour'd moſt,
Who moſt the CROWN diſgraces.

Alive had brave DUKE WILLIAM been,
He like OLD GEORGE, when fretted,
His HAT would kick about, to've ſeen,
This noble Deed *gazetted*;
The public Prints his fame ſhall ſpread,
And make the world acquainted,
That GEORGE GERMAIN a PEER is made,
By GEORGE, the LORD's Anointed

GEORGE BRYDGES RODNEY, Fortune's ſon,
Of property *tenacious*,
Amongſt the many wonders done,
He conquer'd ST. EUSTATIUS:
The AUCTION o'er, the Britiſh Don,
Behind him left a NOODLE,
Who loſt the place, whilſt he and VAUGHAN
Were ſinging *Yankee Doodle*.

PAUL JONES may well prick up his ears,
For ſo it is reported;
He'll rank amongſt the new-made Peers,
The moment he's converted:

And

And when AMERICA's retook,
And GEORGE for joy gets *groggy*,
One ARNOLD ſhall be made a DUKE,
The DUKE of SARATOGA.

The ſurly Sons of Britain's iſle,
May ridicule the matter,
'Twill make ſome laugh, and many ſmile,
On t'other ſide the water:
"Then ſhout, my boys, at GEORGE's name,
And drink his health till mellow;
Old TIME may travel till he's lame,
Before he finds his fellow."

The TRADING WAR:

Or, A DIP IN THE LOAN.

Tune. ---- *Liberty-Hall.*

TO get a ſnug penny, ſince fighting began,
The WAR to encourage, ſeems far the beſt plan;
For WAR is a TRADE, I'll uphold it, by which,
Though thouſands grow poor, many hundreds get rich.

What ſoul that has taſted the ſweets of the LOAN,
But wiſhes next year the ſame work may go on?

And

And the deeper a Man is concern'd in the TRADE,
The ſooner his fortune is ſure to be made.

The graſping CONTRACTOR, the War to promote,
Each year for the laviſh of Millions will vote;
For TAXES, to thoſe who the plunder enjoy,
Are PILLS of that nature, they never can cloy.

REBELLION to cruſh, when the HOWES were employ'd,
A point of the utmoſt concern to decide,
If rumour ſays true, all the fear that was ſhown,
Was that of their doing the buſineſs too ſoon.

One ARNOLD, for fighting the cudgels took up,
After making his thouſands, he makes a dead ſtop;
Then turning about, cries, "the RASCALS are poor,
I'll e'en turn my COAT, 'tis the way to get more."

Preferring HARD DOLLARS to *Congreſs-drawn Notes*,
He'll fight, like a *Swiſs*, for *Turks*, *Ruſſians*, or *Croats*;
Whether *Slavery* or *Freedom* AMERICA gains,
'Tis all one to him, ſo the PELF he obtains.

On the waves ſince manœuv'ring has been the chief trade,
Our Fleets little more than drawn-battles have made;
Hard fighting ſeems loſt, for our ADMIRALS ſay,
The Enemy always *manœuvre* away.

Though

Through life thus by ACTIONS, 'tis clearly diſplay'd,
That War, like Religion, is too much a TRADE;
And our Chiefs, like the Clergy, ſo eaſy are grown,
The more they are paid, the leſs buſineſs is done.

When the BUDGET-SCENE opens, in haſte to ſubſcribe,
Away run the ſordid of every tribe;
For the PATRIOTS themſelves, like the greedy *State-quacks*,
Of the SPOIL thus devour'd, very fain would go ſnacks.

In this TRADE, like others, 'tis Int'reſt that ſways,
And happy the man who the PREMIER can pleaſe;
From LUCRE there's nothing the mind can controul,
'Tis Int'reſt, Self-int'reſt, that governs the whole.

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